THE COMMONWEAL

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THE KING'S WRIT

"THE simple consolations needed by life in an under-civilized world . . . these Christianity could give. . . . But in the cold light of today these consolations fade. In the cold, clear light of our increasing knowledge. We cannot keep them if we would."

Thus Mr. H. G. Wells, in Meanwhile, the most recent instalment of his secular wisdom, just hot from the press, and on the authority of one Mr. Sempack, the latest mouthpiece for his improvisations on that well-worn theme, the World saved by Science. Mr. Wells, it may be noted (and we are not the first to take note of it) rather fancies himself in the rôle of advocate for the race of Adam against the inscrutable decrees of some power none the less accessible to a sense of shame because Mr. Wells, on occasion, is quite ready to deny its existence. The challenges, direct and oblique, that this popular and humane novelist has from time to time issued, inviting, challenging and persuading Providence to do something that will reëstablish its shaken credit before he shatters it irremediably, would, of themselves, make a respectable volume.

The subject of happiness, however, is one that comes too near the quick of human experience for any evidence to be discarded on the mere score of its illogicality. The prime motive force in all great or good literature, as Croce has told us, is the conflict between personal and impersonal will. Whether this impersonal will be regarded as the enactment of some power to which submission is due, or as the working of some chain of causation whose links were forged for us by generations that passed beyond the reach of praise or blame years, centuries and aeons ago, is not of literary interest. Its impact upon the individual has always been to quicken, together with his sense of infelicity, a sense also of his infinity. "Is it not strange" fantastic Marivaux once asked, "that a creature so limited as man should know no limit whatsoever to his distresses?"

The portent does not grow less strange as life itself becomes more complex, and as the necessity for grappling with its detail almost demands the state of mind that happiness insures and unhappiness destroys. The cult of Pollyanna, the plea for "miles of smiles," the portentous growth of a patented religion which makes happiness the main article of its faith, even to the point of affirming pain an error, is no accident. To draw up a relative table of human felicity or infelicity in the past and contemporary worlds is a thankless task. But, to the least instructed, it must be evident that a large number of emotional releases permitted

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our forefathers by the comparative looseness of their organized life are denied a generation where the margin even of physical safety is becoming conditioned on emotional retrenchment. Displays of feeling not only permitted the men and women of the past but expected of them have gone the way of flounced clothing, extended holidays, carouses and the gout that attended them, punctilio of conduct and the long letters in which our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers took no shame in pouring out affections now taken for granted.

Increasingly it becomes evident, as the sheer joy of kicking over the traces moderates, that we live in an age whose liberation is more apparent than real. All that has altered is the ground of our conformity. Conformity remains and some means to insure it will always be found so long as society determines to function. Some well-meaning persons, in their desire to see moral sanctions preserved, or shall we say restored, confuse the issue when they paint for us horrifying pictures of what a world might be from which religion, as a motive for decent conduct between man and man, had been obliterated. Spiritually considered, there is no doubt it would be a very terrible world. But against the theory that anything deserving the name of anarchy would necessarily result, must be set the whole story of the world before Christ's coming. On this score one need not even appeal to ancient history. Godlessness has not waited for any general apostasy to prove its thorough competency to carry on the world to the world's own satisfaction. Those who perceive any subscription to godly, let alone Christian ideals, in the general conduct of international, political and social relations since the dark days of August, 1914, are either wilfully blind or very, very naïve. "The prince of this world cometh," our Saviour warned us two thousand years ago, "and in Me he hath no part."

When we pass from corporate effectiveness to personal happiness, however, the case is different. Human bad luck is a constant. Outside the persuasion to which we have alluded, the stoutest perfectionist makes no attempt to deny it, no matter how confidently he looks forward to its abridgment by a wider diffusion of scientific knowledge and a wiser application of social laws. Even the Son of God Himself, in rebuking the rich, did not speak of positive happiness, but of alleviations. "Woe to the rich, for they have their consolation here!" What were those very different "consolations" which Mr. Wells believes were needed (and by implication, one presumes, discovered) in the "under-civilized" world where major operations, poison gas, and bed-time stories by radio were unthinkable things?

One of them, as we have already hinted, seems to have been a simpler outlook, a more childish outlook, if you will, upon life and its problems. Our forefathers in the age of faith sinned terribly. But they repented heartily. Sin, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out more than once, was very black to them—virtue very white. To blend both into a grisaille of the subconscious, far less to erect the gratification of lust and hatred into a system of behavioristic philosophy, had not occurred to them. But their instinct for a certain balance, reïnforced as it was by belief in a day, unpleasantly close at hand, when the issues of time would have to be examined in the light of eternity, did not mislead them. It convinced them, as Henry Adams has observed, that the ferocity of war might be hallowed if it were accompanied by a personal readiness to be the first in sacrifice. "Lead me into the front of the battle," said the old blind king of Bohemia to the grooms at his stirrup. It taught them to be just a little afraid of riches, even while they coveted them, to make vicarious atonement their own affair by rearing miracles in stone over shaven heads and coarse woolen habits, and to bridge the terrible abyss between wealth and destitution by holding up to public reverence those who had made poverty their bride. Doubtless it made them over-harsh to sin (we have not yet completely broken away from the mediaeval confusion between sin and crime). But it permitted them to believe that there was even here a frontier which mundane justice could only pass at its peril, and where God became the earthly as well as the heavenly Judge, so that the violation of any recognized right of sanctuary put the pursuer, whatever his status and justification, in worse outlawry than the pursued.

These are merely a few of the "consolations" as they will occur to the most casual reader of history, which Mr. Wells perceives disappearing in "the cold clear light of our increasing knowledge." To count the blessings we have gained in their place would go far beyond the scope of the present brief and modest article. But how their accumulated benefit is striking many men and women of good will in a country which is experiencing its full effect may be gathered from an introductory statement, issued by the Anglo-Catholic Summer School of Sociology, which concluded its third session at Keble College, Oxford, recently.

"However deep the failure of the middle-ages, the fact remains that you had a society in which the sovereignty of Christ was acknowledged, in which loyalty to Him and His Church was the supreme loyalty. The peasant in his rags knew that greater than nationality, greater than any obedience, was the obedience he owed to Christ. He knew that his loyalties might conflict and in that case his duty was to the Faith. Society was regarded not merely as a society of Christians, but as a Christian society. By contrast with this we find ourselves today in a society whose standards (as distinguished from the standards of individuals and groups within it) are purely pagan, and, as has recently been said 'more purely materialistic, more blatantly atheistical, than any mediaeval thinker would have conceived possible.' . . . You have a world today in which the King's writ does not run. Christendom is a world in which the King's writ does run."

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. KELLOGG'S police power is not the same thing on paper as it turned out to be in practice at Ocatal, Nicaragua. After weeks of landing marines, listening to the conflicting ideas of President Diaz and Dr. Sacasa, and reconciling public opinion to what was going on, the government announced that all parties had agreed to prepare peaceably for an election to be held later on during the year. Apparently this agreement was not so complete as one had been led to believe. The attack made by General Sandino upon the United States military post was obviously foolhardy, but it cannot be disposed of as a bandit exploit. Those hundreds of poor fellows who were beaten into a bloody pulp by our engines of war were obviously genuine rebels against what they believed—or were led to believe—was unwarranted outside interference in the affairs of their country. As such they merit our respect. Meanwhile there is no cause for immediately proceeding to change our Nicaraguan policy. To get out now would be to jeopardize the one good thing we have really accomplished—the guarantee of a fair election. On the other hand, it is well to ask whether our police power does not permit of stricter definition. If troops in the United States dropped bombs on a riotous mob with intent to kill, there would follow an investigation of the responsibility for so much needless brutality. In Nicaragua it has seemed proper to slaughter rather than disperse. The news is even colorful with remarks by officers (slated to receive decorations) that the bombardment was an exceedingly fine "pyrotechnic display." If that be good United States conduct in territory over which we have no jurisdiction, perhaps it might not be wholly unphilanthropic to permit unenlightened natives to go to the devil in their own way rather than to despatch them thither in sanguinary carloads.

WITHIN the past few weeks, attention has been so concentrated upon the cruiser problem by our naval experts and correspondents that the submarine menace, once considered so acute that a league to arouse world conscience upon the matter was projected in London, has not been showing even a periscope above the troubled waters at Geneva. It is with regret rather than with surprise that we learn from the watchful Manchester Guardian that "the British attempt to arrest the growth of the submarine has definitely failed," and that "the evolution of big undersea raiders capable of playing havoc with merchant shipping in wartime" has been surrendered to the unassisted conscience of the big subsidized armament manufacturers. One may hate the submarine and yet see a considerable tincture of hypocrisy in the campaign directed against it, which was quite apart from any general attack on means to war. For, whatever its history in the past, the submarine is likely in the future to be the answer of the nations who have only thousands to spend upon preparedness to those who have millions. Perhaps an end to war is destined to come at last, not through inventions so costly that only two or three nations can afford them, but by some device so cheap and effective that it is within the reach of all. It is an ugly prospect, but not uglier than others, to which we are reconciled through sheer familiarity.

EDITORIAL comment regarding a recent decision of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office concerning education, which appeared in our issue of July 6, has given rise to what is termed "a surprising degree of misapprehension." It seems desirable to say, therefore, that the comment came to us directly from a religious superior of high station in Rome, and that it in no way denies the value of Catholic education. Cardinal Bisleti announced on April 30, 1927, that "the reply given on June 16, 1926, to the query proposed by the ordinary of Edmonton may be applied in the present case"—i. e., the petition to affiliate Saint Mary's College, Halifax, with Dalhousie University. This did not mean the end of Catholic education or anything of that kind. It simply indicated that in two cases—one of which involved a state and the other a private secular university—Catholic colleges, while remaining autonomous, were permitted to become part and parcel of general educational institutions. One does not presume to read the mind of the Sacred Congregation; but obviously in both cases mentioned above it was not interested in tolerating anything, but in creating something—better educational opportunities for Catholics. Whether similar decisions may ever become effective in the United States

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is surely a matter for the same Sacred Congregation to determine. We do not profess a knowledge of theology beyond mere essentials, but we do feel that it is quite as possible to be obstinate northeasterly as southwesterly. And after all education is a problem rather than a title-deed.

DURESS in Mexico, from which the spiritual life of millions has suffered, continues to be the concern of all who care for justice. Unfortunately it has been extremely difficult to discern any course of action which might prove helpful, apart from prayer and patient acceptance of trial. Ideas have, of course, been offered from time to time, but none seemed to win general acceptance. In the present issue of The Commonweal, Judge Martin T. Manton reviews the whole situation and suggests a way out—a way which not all may be willing to take but which seems quite practicable. We believe that the best effect of what Judge Manton says will be the clarification of the principle of justice as a matter which must be maintained in contemporary international relations. Whether or not the Mexican situation can be brought to the attention of the League of Nations must remain an open question. Certainly the United States government can do nothing here. It is quite conceivable, however, that the South American republics might take some such action, which would also commendably involve an abandonment by the United States of its lone hand in the matter.

THERE is no reason why American susceptibilities need be hurt by remarks anent the American movie which, as they appear in the Osservatore Romano, must be considered to have the aegis of the Church's approval from the very highest quarter. They only repeat what many thoughtful people in this country have been saying for years and what still more are thinking behind an apparent surrender. The crying fault of the motion picture is its inordinateness, the contrast between the colossal scale of its diffusion and the meanness of its conception. Developed by men whose immediate end is monetary gain, it is, with certain outstanding exceptions, trivial where it is not offensive. Even the censorship relied upon to conjure its worst dangers is often defeated in the titles and billboards which advertise it. And with all these faults upon its head it has become very often the sole means through which a knowledge of America reaches the stranger. Its evil effect at home, amid a people immunized by more complete knowledge, may be comparatively small, though even this is disputable. Among foreigners abroad, to whose uninstructed minds it brings its lesson of materialism and absorption in sex from the outstanding economic success among nations, it is hard to calculate the ravages it may be making. The solemn words uttered by the Vatican organ should arouse public attention here. Activities which it is possible to stigmatize as "lethal poison" are calling for something more than the bill of health hitherto given them.

REPERCUSSIONS upon the new Book of Common Prayer in England have been neither few nor far between. But the one last reported hails from a quarter that, one would think, must affect all loyal Anglicans with humiliation. The United Methodist Conference, held at Rochdale, has just carried a resolution opposing the projected changes in Cranmer's masterpiece on the ground that they are "against the spirit of Protestantism." At first sight this resolution, coming from a body that severed itself from the parent stem over a century and a half ago, has all the air of impertinent meddling. But those who think so forget the dubious status of the Anglican Church in face of the law from which it derives. It is the church not only in, but of, England. The task of filling its sees may devolve tomorrow upon a Methodist, just as it has devolved in the past upon a Jewish prime minister, and it is within the competence of any British citizen, of any religion or none, who sees it drifting from Protestant moorings, to remind it of its origins. In other words, reaching out the corporate hand for the star of reunion is one thing: taking the corporate feet off the stiff soil of Protestantism, quite another. We will not labor a moral that labels itself. The sacramental wing of the Anglican Church may be quite sure that Catholic sympathy is none the less with them in their day of humiliation because their way towards the only liberty worth having seems so obvious to the Catholic mind.

OUR able and urbane contemporary the Christian Century recently took us to task for declaring that religion cannot be indifferent to theories proposed in the name of science, and for adding that "the fate of Protestantism has been to depend upon education by public opinion, rather than education under the direction of ecclesiastical authority." It then goes on to say: "Considering how often ecclesiastical authority has made a mess of it when it has undertaken to dominate either public opinion or expert opinion with reference to scientific matters, the criticism does not seem convincing. It is true that the church cannot be indifferent to 'materialistic shibboleths.' But materialism is not a scientific theory. There have never been a great many important scientists who were materialists, and it was not their scientific knowledge that made them so. It is probably as impossible to keep scientists from talking about religion as it is to keep religionists from talking about science, but when they do it, both are speaking as amateurs. . ."

NOW obviously it is not a theologian's business to rule on the rightness of a chemical formula or even to decide that a biological hypothesis like evolution is preposterous. But neither the formula nor the hypothesis exists in vacuo. People accept both as starting points for speculation, because it is normal to do precisely that. Eventually—as nine-tenths of all philosophers agree—the speculation drifts toward religion and the idea of God. The theologian therefore finds

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himself in interested company. Precisely what is he to do? Is he to be guided by public opinion or by scientific authority? The first is not a guide and the second is exceedingly difficult to follow, for the very reason that the theologian is not himself a scientist. Accordingly the Catholic theologian looks for help towards the same guide which aids him in matters of religious belief. This may not look like a scientific way out of the matter, but experience seems to indicate that it is a very practicable one. Sometimes a new theory has startled Catholic circles and has evoked overhasty comment. But today the Church maintains, for instance, an impartial attitude towards evolution; it numbers among its clergy and laymen numerous masters in special sciences; and under its protection there are several scientific institutions of the first rank. On the other hand, we do not know of a single Protestant clergyman (though there may be such) in the United States who is even remotely authorized to speak in the name of science; we witness a great deal of turmoil regarding the doctrine of evolution; and we know that many clergymen are so harassed by the spectre of science that they are practically divorced from all major Christian tenets. Practice may not be a wholly convincing test, but it is admittedly a pretty good one.

MUCH of the excitement about the crime wave has dried as fast as the ink which aroused it. We have discovered that prompt police and judicial action against offenders is a good recipe for municipal order, and that no "philosophy of thumbs down" is necessary. Nothing could be more disastrous than a frenzied application of rigor to those who have gone wrong. Recently Dr. George W. Kirchwey, once warden of Sing Sing and later a professor of law, told a throng of charity workers that "automatic methods" of dealing with criminals were hopelessly shortsighted. "In the long run," he said, "society is best served not by supporting a prisoner for life at public expense, but by turning him back into the community as a self-supporting member." We may add that the whole tendency of Christian tradition has been to have faith in the possible redemption of the wrong-doer. This stand is implied, of course, in the virtue of charity; but it was also adhered to by a whole era of canonical courts.

IMPRISONMENT for life was the severest penalty these courts could impose; they were always being criticized by state officials who clamored for the full measure of justice; and they often provided the accused with better counsel than was opposed to him. "It is not denied," says Mr. Sidney Dark in writing about Saint Thomas of Canterbury, "that in the ecclesiastical courts the prisoner was always given the benefit of the doubt, and that justice was always tempered with mercy." This system of law reposed entirely upon the belief that no soul is wholly lost, that every human being can mend his ways. At present we seem committed to a determinism to which the Christian past was antagonistic, and about which, therefore, we of the present should have very little difficulty in making up our minds.

THE suggestion recently made by Representative Maas, of St. Paul, Minnesota, that "every city, town and village" in the United States be required to bear its name, plainly lettered so as to be recognizable from the air, with an arrow pointing due north, may readily be pardoned in view of the general enthusiasm on things aërial reigning just now. But it presents inherent difficulties which one wonders have not occurred to its proponent, who states, in the preamble to his scheme, that he was "in aviation during the war." Taking the average height at which airmen fly, and which is fixed by law in order to secure a safe landing, at anywhere between 2,500 and 3,000 feet, it is apparent that the letters would have to be on such a gargantuan scale that few existing roofs (roofs are suggested as their most obvious background) could carry them. Signaling flyers by single letters was tried out pretty thoroughly during the war. Only the letters with wide angles and no curves, E, F, T, L, etc., were used, with twenty-foot arms. Even so, experience showed that only under the most favorable circumstances, such as a dark, bare background, free of neighboring buildings, trees or rocks, could they be picked up with accuracy. There is something in the congressman's suggestion that parkways might be laid out near our large cities ample enough to bear the necessary lettering. But one has only to conceive of such an ordinance required from some of the smaller centres of population with which he is acquainted to realize its fanciful character if generally applied.

ON A previous occasion The Commonweal has expressed its opinion upon the "tipping system" generally as at present observed and its regret at seeing a practice which no one grudged when it meant an opportunity for a deserving class to lay aside a little money against a rainy day, exploited by mean employers to cut the payroll of their help, or even, if rumor does not lie, to exact payment for a chance to benefit by the benevolence of the generously inclined. A recent letter to the Times, suggesting a general strike of restaurant patrons until the practice ceases, and until a fair wage is paid for a fair day's work, is justified but not very practical. In the first place, a good deal of moral cowardice accounts for the attitude of the public to this as to many other indefensible abuses. In the second, the hardship that would certainly be inflicted upon the victims of the system at the beginning of any such campaign is not pleasant to contemplate. But there seems no reason why some sort of inquiry should not be instituted similar to that which has just disclosed malpractices in the theatre-booking industry, and offenders laid by the heels. The proof that the business of catering can be conducted upon the same lines as any other is to be found in the success of at

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least one enterprise with branches all over New York which guarantees to its customers that a living wage is paid its waiters and makes the acceptance of a tip by any of them ground for dismissal.

ONE is glad to see that the commendable effort to redeem feminine fashions from assent to the frank immodesty of certain pace-setters is becoming more and more able to distinguish what is vital from what is merely transitory and of no particular importance. The learned Mercure de France has recently drawn attention to those letters of Madame de Sévigné, most charming of French seventeenth-century noblewomen, which recount her perplexity at the phenomenon of bobbed hair. Frankly, she did not immediately know what to make of the sight. It was a fad that would "last only a little while," even though the queen confessed, "I have had my hair bobbed because the king prefers it so." Thus endorsed by his redoubtable majesty, the rattle of barber's shears in boudoirs was inevitable. Madame de Sévigné's first impression involved a feeling of amusement. The style, she declared, "creates a little round head of cabbage from which even the leaves have been trimmed—the most ridiculous thing you can imagine." A little later, however, she counseled a friend to visit a barber, "in order to get rid of the hundred little bundles of curls about your ears, which lose their shape in a moment and are just about as stylish as the coiffure of Queen Catherine de Medici." How long the popularity of the barber endured in that classical age no one is prepared to say.

VIENNA IN TURMOIL

AFTER the last Austrian election, it was clear that the defeat of Socialism was really critical. During more than ten years, difficult industrial conditions and the failure of bourgeois elements to agree upon considering the Hapsburg régime definitely a thing of the past, have made the fortunes of Social Democratic leaders. They got control of the Vienna municipal government, very nearly succeeded in changing the system of national education, and were entitled to hope that the ballot-box would proclaim them masters of the state. Instead they encountered a set-back which, unless all signs are false, indicates the turning of the tide against them. It would seem that an effort to regain momentum for the Socialist cause led to the disastrous outbreaks which have recently drawn the attention of the world to Austrian politics. A pardon given to certain Fascisti served as the pretext for mob demonstrations, but there was little doubt in anybody's mind that the real object of these as well as of the strikes that followed was to intimidate the Seipel government and compel a coalition with the Socialists.

Meanwhile the unexpected happened, as it always does. A group of Communists injected themselves into the proceedings, just as a similar group had wrecked a Sacco-Vanzetti mass-meeting in New York City a few days earlier. In a moment bullets were flying, buildings were being stormed, and insurrectionary violence was pitted against the police. The Socialists' control over their followers ebbed just as Socialist leadership lost its grip upon the point it wished to make. Should it pledge the city authority to the revolutionists, or should it make a determined stand to coöperate with the government in preserving law and order? The second course was decided upon doubtless because the government succeeded in conveying troops from the provinces to the outskirts of the city. Of course fears that neighboring nations might intervene may have had some effect upon heated minds, but one doubts that they were regarded as being of any great significance. The revolt was halted, Socialist reserve police maintained order, and the Communists were imprisoned. An ugly episode had ended.

One may dismiss the affair as merely that. After all, more people seem to have been killed in a recent edifying little Nicaraguan skirmish. But it is really important because it draws attention to the stupendous difficulties with which the Austrian people have been faced ever since the close of the war. Vienna has been and is now a city whose roots have been dug up. Intelligent financing has done what it could to stimulate industry, and a program of state aid has kept thousands of dispossessed persons from starvation. Nevertheless Vienna was constructed as the capital of an empire and is now merely the big town of a province. As such it must dwindle and die unless something happens. There is no way in which a mass of people concentrated for certain specific purposes can be satisfactorily maintained in doing nothing.

The "something" may be a federation of the provinces of the old Austro-Hungarian empire. It would be eminently desirable from many points of view, but there isn't the ghost of a chance for it. One might as well expect all South America to federate, or believe in a sudden benevolent fusion of Democrats and Republicans. The same reasons which sundered the imperial domain prevent its being patched together again. Another possibility is juncture with Germany. Against this much can be said. It would not be regarded with favor by those who fear the existence of a powerful Reich in central Europe. It is also not a pleasant prospect for Austrians themselves, looking back as they must upon a long tradition of conflict with Prussia. Economically, however, that juncture would mean life. Vienna might be saved by making it the metropolis of southern Germany—a counterpart, as it were, of Berlin. To it the business men of the other Balkan provinces would necessarily turn, and a reign of commercial splendor might follow on the heels of Hapsburg political supremacy.

Austria's problem is complex and difficult. It will be solved not by uprisings or even by narrow foreign jealousies or suspicions, but by the will of its people to live, and by the readiness of post-war Europe to concede their right to live.

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MEXICO AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By MARTIN T. MANTON

MUCH has been written, and much more has been said, about the problems of the Catholic Church in Mexico because of the attitude of the government of that country toward religion. While the injustice of it all has been assumed or left to common understanding, little has been written by way of practical suggestion for a remedy. Much, in mere condemnation, might have been left unsaid.

The State Department held that this government could not officially intervene. The silent, prayerful and holy sisters, and the courageous and noble priests of that unfortunate country, have done their best as law-abiding citizens to meet the problems confronting them. The full extent of the abuses and tortures sustained in their efforts to practice their Faith will slowly tell its own reckoning as time passes on.

The source of the trouble from which the problem comes is the Constitution of Mexico. Some of the provisions of that document deal with religion in obnoxious terms and, if enforced, practically forbid the Church to carry on its mission. The Church has constantly reminded us, in teaching and practice, of our obligations to the state and to the nation. The affairs of state it has recognized as separate and distinct from the affairs of the Church. But its obligations to mankind throughout the world require the Church to protect its rights in its mission for good. Christianity and citizenship have many things in common. The right to worship and practice religion with freedom of conscience is the liberty of the individual. In any nation where freedom of religious worship does not exist, there is no true liberty.

Whenever explanation is attempted as to the cause of Mexican outrages against religion, the substance of the explanation, as a defense of this persecution, is the law of the land of Mexico and its enforcement. A reference to some of its provisions readily places the finger of blame.

Article 3 of this law of the land provides that no religious corporation or minister of any creed shall establish or direct schools for primary education. No charitable institution for scientific research or diffusion of knowledge shall be under the patronage, direction or administration, charge or supervision, of religious corporations or institutions, nor of the ministry of any religious group or of their dependents, even though either the former or the latter shall be inactive in service. Thus, religious education is at an end in Mexico, as well as works of charity and mercy in the hospitals and other institutions. Article 5 prohibits religious vows and monastic orders. Article 24 forbids religious rites being performed except under governmental supervision. Article 27 provides that every church or other religious edifice now existing or ever to come into existence is the sole property of the state. Article 37 provides that citizenship shall be lost by those committing themselves in any way before ministers of any religious group or before any other person not to observe the present Constitution or the laws arising thereunder.

Article 41 of the primary education law of 1924 provides that the clergy shall not visit schools and that as soon as it is evidenced that a school is conducted, aided or merely attended or visited by ministers of any creed, it shall be closed. Article 127 provides that public and private charitable institutions for the sick and needy, mutual aid societies or organizations formed for any other lawful purpose in no case shall be under the patronage, dictation, administration or charge of religious corporations or institutions, nor of ministers of any religious group or their dependents, even though either the former or the latter shall not be in active service. Only a Mexican by birth may be a priest in Mexico, all others are deported under Article 130 of the Constitution. It also provides that state legislatures have exclusive power to determine the maximum number of ministers of religious creeds. As a result, a state law in Tobasco compels priests to marry; and there may not be more than one priest to 30,000 inhabitants: in another state, one priest to 6,000 inhabitants. Priests have no right to vote nor shall they be eligible for office. They are incapable of legally inheriting by will from any individual to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree. And finally, Article 130 provides that the law recognizes no juridical personality in the religious institutions known as churches.

Does the enforcement of these provisions of the fundamental law of Mexico violate international law? Do they create a problem of international concern or frustrate an international obligation? If so, there exists a matter of international concern, a question in international obligations calling for consideration by members of the League of Nations. The advantages of the League after its effective work of some seven years are so apparent, and its usefulness is so certain, that one marvels at the failure to set its machinery in motion for the solution of this great Christian problem. And the League of Nations is fully equipped, in its machinery and authority, to deal with the problem with every hope of success.

There is helpful judicial authority, by the highest court of this land, as pointed out by William D. Guthrie in an excellent professional opinion rendered "in the matter of church and state to the American hierarchy" in November, 1926. He points out that there has been a violation of the rights of the Roman Catholic Church under international law by the enforcement

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of the provisions of Article 130 of the Mexican Constitution, noted above, and says that, by reason thereof, "the churches are deprived of all means of redress and protection and denied any legal or juristic personality whatever; and the Roman Catholic Church cannot appeal to Congress or to the courts to enforce its property rights, which is in direct violation of long-established principles of international law, or as it is termed in Europe, Africa and Asia, the law of nations or jus gentium of the Roman law." The authorities referred to by Mr. Guthrie are Ponce v. Roman Catholic Church, 210 U. S. 296, and Santos v. Roman Catholic Church, 212 U. S. 463. His opinion is most instructive, of great weight, and worthy of close study.

When a nation seeks recognition in the family of nations and diplomatic intercourse is arranged, it is upon certain conditions, promises and faith or guarantees, sometimes expressed in writing, but more often implied in the relationship. Amongst these promises is the one of freedom of conscience in religious worship. Others are guarantees of life and property protection. We are concerned here mainly with the first, though the second may also be involved.

The administration of President Wilson considered the question now present in the Mexican religious problem of international concern, for in October, 1915, when recognition was extended to the Carranza government, Mexico gave written assurances that

> All the inhabitants of Mexico, whether nationals or foreigners, may equally enjoy the benefits of true justice

and that the new government

> will respect everybody's life, property and religious beliefs, without other limitations than the preservation of public order and the observance of the institutions in accordance with the laws in force and the constitution of the republic.

That Secretary Hughes considered it of international concern is evidenced by his proposal in Article 2:

> Citizens of the high contracting parties shall not be disturbed, molested or annoyed in any manner on account of their religious belief nor in the proper exercise of their peculiar worship either within their own houses or in their churches or chapels, which they shall be at liberty to build and maintain.

This proposal was not found in the treaty when finally accepted.

Great Britain considered it of international concern, for the Anglo-Mexican commercial treaty of November 28, 1888, now in force, provides:

> Subjects of both countries shall enjoy in the dominions of each other, full liberty of conscience and shall not be molested on account of their religious belief.

Before recognition, President Wilson wrote on August 21, 1914, to the late Cardinal Gibbons, that "he had spoken again and again with regard to the treatment of priests," likewise adding:

> My influence will continue to be exerted in that direction and, I hope, with increasing effect.

Secretary Bryan wrote to Bishop Kelly, then of the Catholic Church Extension Society, March 20, 1915, quoting from a letter of the President as follows:

> I am distressed that our Catholic fellow-countrymen do not more fully realize how frequent and serious our attempts have been to act in the interest of their people in Mexico.

The letter of March 20, 1915, is filled with statements of what President Wilson did in 1914 and 1915 toward protecting religion in Mexico. It significantly points out that his administration was willing to, and actually did, intercede with Mexico in the matter of religion. After recognition, in 1915, the records show further communications from Bishop Kelly complaining of violations; they were transmitted by the State Department to the Mexican government.

The treaties made after the world war all contain stipulations of which a type may be cited in the Treaty of Trianon with Hungary, which provides:

> Hungary agrees that the stipulations in the foregoing articles of this section, so far as they affect persons belonging to racial, religious or linguistic minorities, constitute obligations of international concern, and shall be placed under the guarantee of the League of Nations. They shall not be modified without the assent of a majority of the Council of the League of Nations.

Thus, in these times, religious worship has been deemed a matter of international concern and obligation. America refused to recognize Soviet Russia because of the latter's failure to give guarantees to life, liberty and property, which, of course, included the inalienable right of freedom of conscience and worship. The international rules and conventions show many instances in which the subject of limitations and restriction in freedom of conscience in worship have been considered as pertaining to international law.

Therefore, when a Catholic, a subject of another land, is deprived, while in Mexico, of the opportunity to practice his Faith because of the rule of the Constitution of that country, he is being deprived of that which the international law grants to him. Instances of this may be the priest's right to follow his vocation in a foreign land, subject to the rules of the canon law of the Church. If he be denied such right to follow his vocation under the canon law, he is being deprived of a property right under the international law and this is tantamount to depriving the Catholic, while there, of his freedom of religious worship. This applies with equal force to the layman who is unable to follow or practice his religion. It applies to the subjects of other lands who, while residing in Mexico, are deprived of their property. Instances under this head, it is apparent, would be sisterhoods deprived of their property and members of the priesthood deprived of church property.

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If the question is one of international concern for any of the reasons suggested, then the remedy is clear and simple to attain. Article XI of the Constitution of the League of Nations provides:

> It is also declared to be the fundamental right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb either the peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

Italy, Japan, England, France and Germany are members of the Council of the League. Numerous other countries, not including Mexico, Russia and the United States, are members of the Assembly. Any nation, of either group, could petition the League of Nations under this provision to ask for an advisory opinion from the World Court as to whether or not the conduct of Mexico in the matter of religion is a matter of international concern or obligation or a breach of international law.

Article XIV of the Constitution of the League of Nations provides:

> The court (International Court) may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

If the World Court, in an opinion rendered as requested, advises the League of Nations that it is a matter of international concern or breach of international obligation or law, then it becomes the "affair and concern" of the League under Article XI.

It may be asked on what authority Mexico, which is not a member of the League of Nations, can be accorded a fair hearing by the League. That is covered by Article XVII of the Constitution of the League, which provides that a non-member of the League may be invited to come in for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of a particular dispute and of helping to formulate recommendations as to the procedure which may seem most effectual.

Article XVII provides that, in the event of a dispute between a member of the League and a state not a member, the non-member shall be invited to accept the obligation of membership in the League for the purpose of such dispute under such conditions as the Council may deem just. If the invitation is accepted, the other Articles, XII and XVI, are applied with such modifications as may be deemed necessary by the Council. If a state so invited refuses to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purpose of such dispute, the provisions of Article XVI would be applicable as against the state taking such action. If both parties, member and non-member, when so invited, refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purpose of such dispute, the Council may make such recommendation as will prevent hostilities and result in the settlement of the dispute. Article XVI suggests an appropriate and practical relief, for it authorizes a decree of severance of all trade or financial relations; the prohibition of intercourse between other nationals and the nationals of the offending state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of other states, whether members of the League or not.

Those who have looked for something real in the League of Nations as assisting in creating sanctions of international law, justice and equity, would have it clearly demonstrated and surely fulfilled if the machinery were merely set in motion for Christianity's sake. In this new era, with the civilization of mankind banded together for just such a purpose, what more appropriate or better effort could be made than to let it be the joint and several duty of the nations to repress any intolerant invasion of personal liberty such as that which deprives a human being of that peace of God which nourishes his soul?

Moths

At dusk the moths come to my garden, silent as thoughts:

This is the gray hour when little hidden spirits
Take form and wing.
Breathe lightly—they come!
Cecropia, Luna, Tiger, and Sphinx,
Flitting, lighting, quivering, floating away.
In the stillness they speak to my heart,
Strange speech—weird, exquisite forms!

The humming-moth, that drinks nectar while on the wing:

As the light fades, dew gathers everywhere,
And many a flower now offers her honeyed store.
The stars pass over us and wait not.
O little pilgrim,
Come, taste at each nectar font
Before the passing of the allotted time!

Cecropia, of the spreading mauve wings, painted each with the petal of a rose:

Cecropia, come and spread your waving wings;
I breathe not—you are coming—you are here!
In the soft and velvet lustre that is yours
I sense a warm caress;
And, as you pause a moment on that leaf,
I feel my heart grow tender as a child's.

Luna, all green and silver, crescent-winged—too strange and beautiful for day to look upon:

What was the shape that rested a moment here,
Outspread on the ivory whiteness of a flower?
Did a moon-ray take a form and pass this way,
Bringing rest?
Life's fever has left me, and a strange new peace
Has settled upon my spirit.
Surely this bit of loveliness floated here
From a region blest of which I had not dreamed!

At dusk the moths come to my garden, silent as thoughts.

CHARLES BALLARD.

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CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

(The Commonweal is glad to be able to present to its readers the following interesting analysis of the personality and significance of a distinguished American writer and scholar, whose centenary occurs this year.—The Editors.)

"EVER since I landed I have been listening to one continued eulogy from all sorts of people of the most charming American family that ever was seen. It is the universal opinion that there never was and probably never will be any travelers more to be admired than the Nortons." So many bitter remarks have been bandied to and fro across the Atlantic that it is pleasant to recall this passage from one of Leslie Stephen's letters to James Russell Lowell. Leslie Stephen was not the man to pay idle compliments. It was perfectly true that wherever they went the Nortons captured everybody by storm. Carlyle fell in love with Norton's little daughter Sarah, and to Norton himself the rugged old prophet showed his most attractive side. When he wanted to make reparation for the views which he had expressed during the Civil War and which he afterward acknowledged to have been mistaken, it was to Norton that he turned, and thanks to Norton he bequeathed all his books relating to Cromwell and Frederick the Great to the library of Harvard College.

Ruskin, who was certainly no blind admirer of America and American ways, refers in his Praeterita to Norton's all-pervading sympathy and sensibility. He says:

> He was a scholar from his cradle, not only a man of the world, but a gentleman of the world, whom the highest born and best bred of every nation, from the Red Indian to the White Austrian, would recognize in a moment as of their caste.

Matthew Arnold found himself more completely in accord with the Nortons than with any other family in America. And so it went. The number of distinguished people, English and American, who craved Norton's society was extraordinary. Among his own countrymen Godkin, the editor of the Nation, President Eliot of Harvard, George W. Curtis, author of the Potiphar Papers, and above all James Russell Lowell, instinctively sought the companionship and wise counsel of Charles Eliot Norton.

The amazing part of it is that Norton was not by any means what is generally known as a good fellow. He was intensely fastidious, and fastidiousness is not a popular quality in any country, certainly not in America, where it implies a distaste for the rough and tumble of democracy. He had a gift for peculiarly mordant sarcasm, which again is hardly an endearing trait, and yet no professor at Harvard has been more generally beloved. The comment of one of his pupils after dining with the family on a Christmas night that he had had a delightful time, that in fact it had been "just western," indicates Norton's genius for hospitality.

Still more amazing is the fact that Norton without being a great literary figure himself was regarded by his friends as the arbiter of literary taste. Mrs. Gaskell and Leslie Stephen dedicated books to him in terms of affectionate admiration, Lowell would rather please him than anybody, Matthew Arnold must have his advice on the lecture on Emerson before he gave it. A word of praise from Norton was something to be cherished not only by his pupils at Cambridge, but by all his friends at home and abroad.

If we all shared the beliefs of Mr. H. L. Mencken, we should say that the civilization Norton represented was only a pale reflection of Victorian England and that Norton himself was merely one of those ineffectual New Englanders who are forever looking back at the old world. But in spite of Mencken, New England was for a long time the intellectual centre of the United States, and its Emersons, its Lowells, even its Charles Eliot Nortons, were after all Americans and not Europeans. No doubt Norton felt the pull of Europe, as every American of his generation who was at all interested in literature and the arts must have felt it, but he never despaired of his country. Emerson's dogmatic optimism irritated him, because Emerson, at least in his old age, was preaching a gospel of prosperity and deliberately closing his eyes to the crass materialism that prosperity engendered.

In many ways Norton was of a more speculative cast of mind than any of his contemporaries. He refused to believe that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were finalities in political science and social happiness. "For my part," he says, "I should think poorly of mankind if they did not before long discover some better political arrangements than any that have been tried as yet." That is not the right thing to say at a dinner of the Boosters' Club, and from the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the present century America had been on a wild orgy of boosting. Norton was neither a booster nor a cynic. It would have been easy for him with his academic tastes to ignore the world without, and to devote his life to Dante. As it was, his translation of the Divine Comedy is generally recognized as the best prose translation in existence and he himself was undoubtedly the foremost Dante scholar of his time, but he was also a man of the world. That is to say, he was a puritan man of the world, if such a thing can be imagined, in that he wanted to make his country a more decent place to live in, while understanding and enjoying the amenities already in existence.

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During the Civil War he was unable, for reasons of ill-health, to play the part he wanted, but through the Loyal Publication Society he became an efficient molder of public opinion. At the same time he and Lowell undertook to rejuvenate the North American Review, which, according to Lowell was suffering from three serious defects. "It wasn't thick-and-thinly loyal, it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject." Possibly Norton's articles may not always have seemed lively, but there was no question about his having particular ideas on particular subjects. It is precisely that quality of intellectual independence that made men far more famous than himself bow to his opinion. To-day there are a certain number of playboys in the literary world who write with the sole purpose of shocking the few people still capable of being shocked. It is a harmless pursuit as long as it is not mistaken for a proof of character or courage.

Norton's independence took the form of setting up a certain standard of excellence and refusing to depart from it. Lowell once said that he would rather be loved than anything else in the world, and that one confession defines Lowell's limitations. Norton never bothered about being loved and consequently he was surrounded by a host of friends. When his son wrote a panegyric on Lincoln, entitled Lincoln, Lover of Mankind, he told him bluntly that it was not a virtue to like men indiscriminately, though the liking may spring from a virtuous root. Many of Norton's acquaintances were annoyed by his steadfast refusal to join the patriotic ballyhoo over the Spanish-American War, but his enthusiasms were never at the beck and call of the politician. That he was capable of enthusiasm any one who has read his letters will admit. Whatever was fine and genuine in people, in literature, or in works of art, unfailingly excited his passionate admiration.

Unquestionably if Norton's critical sense had been less finely developed, if he had not set such a high standard for himself, he would have been a more prolific author, but he would not have had a greater influence upon his contemporaries. George Eliot, writing to Mrs. Norton in 1869, divined his essential contribution to American life:

> I imagine Mr. Norton is brooding over some work that he will give us all by and by. Not that men need write if they have influence in other ways. I think the lastingness of results from a social position adequately filled is grievously underestimated; and the very abundance of print serves to be continually reducing its efficacy compared with the fine rarities of speech and action.

Norton was a master of those "fine rarities"; no man in America has ever understood the charm of social intercourse more perfectly. He is worth remembering as a great scholar, and still more as one of the most delightful members of the only genuine aristocracy which our country has ever produced.

NATURE AND THE FARMER

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

FOR many generations we have withdrawn from the influence of nature. This has been only partially offset by nature study—a very different thing from daily contact with nature in our work. The farmer has suffered less in this way than other men have, in spite of tractors and chemicals and modern ideas of farming generally.

For my own part I have kept pretty faithfully to the old ways of farm work. I plow with horses and an oak-beam plow. The frame of my spike-toothed harrow I made from a white-oak tree which I felled with my own axe and hauled on a horse sled to the old water-power sawmill, and the teeth were welded and pointed by the village blacksmith.

Each summer I mow part of my grass with scythe and snath, and rake it into windrows with the old loafer rake; and my lost time has been more than overbalanced by the gain which has come to me through the constantly renewed acquaintance with birds and beasts and insects which I have fraternized with or made war against as seemed fitting to the occasion.

In learning from nature I have found the one most needful thing is to conform to all her laws and to avoid anything foreign or antagonistic to her ways. To go into the fields and woodland as a reporter bent on spying out and writing up her secrets has yielded nothing of value to me and I long ago gave it up.

To hunt and fish in order to supply your daily needs, to kill beasts and birds of prey that threaten your flocks or would injure or destroy your crops, in no way puts you at odds with the wild life about you; but you must not kill or destroy any least thing needlessly or in wantonness. I have not a shadow of a doubt that if I could confine myself to the use of the long bow—the finest hunting weapon ever invented—I should be on much better terms with nature than I am. Yet even the noisy shotgun and the rifle inspire no general terror. When the sharp-shinned hawks and the Cooper's hawks raid my chickens or the songbirds nesting in the orchard, the barn swallows sweep from their loft and follow twittering around the enemy. Often as the hawks flew overhead I have had to time my shot with the greatest caution to avoid killing the clustering swallows, and never have I known the flash and report of the shotgun right among them to cause fear or panic; on the contrary, as the hawk tumbled earthward, the swallows descended alongside, and when I picked up my quarry, they all followed close about me twittering in triumph.

In the autumn when I am hunting partridges, rabbits and wild ducks, I learn more about the habits of bobcat, fox, weasel and falcon than when I am out after the latter themselves, for I put myself in sympathy with the wild hunters while hunting their accustomed prey. And it has been my experience generally that the hunter and trapper whose thoughts are

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not too much taken up with the mere market value of his game, is in some things better informed than the field naturalist; though, like the farmer, he is apt to be exceedingly shy about exposing his knowledge or ignorance, as the case may be. On first acquaintance with either farmers, fishers or hunters, I have found the greatest difficulty in getting them to tell anything beyond the most casual and commonplace of their observations so long as they suspect me of being a nature student. Only after I have convinced them that I am first and foremost farmer and fisher and hunter myself will they share their knowledge with me.

Of all the crops that I have cultivated, field corn or maize has, I am convinced, the greatest number of natural foes from seed time to harvest. Yet, in spite of them all, it is the most satisfactory and reliable.

I plant my corn by hand, five kernels to the hill, and cover it with the hoe, the depth of covering depending on the weather, past and in prospect. As soon as it is planted, chipmunks, meadow mice, crows and pheasants begin to dig it up, but the loss at this time is usually not serious. When the sprouts first break ground, the crows start work in earnest and two or three pairs nesting in nearby woods can ruin a surprisingly large part of an acre in a short time.

Different methods of defense are practised by different farmers, all more or less—generally less—successful. That which I have found most effective is to shoot two or three crows and hang them by the neck from bending withes as if they were caught in a snare.

The dispute concerning the comparative value and destructiveness of crows is apparently endless. I prefer to class them in two groups: Those which nest here and pull corn, rob birds' nests and kill young chickens by the dozen, only in small part pay for their damage by the insects and field mice which they catch. However, they make up only an insignificant fraction of the species, the greater part of which has its nesting grounds far to the north of where corn is raised. These latter pay us passing visits in great flocks during the spring and fall migrations, at which times they render splendid service by their endless pursuit of the smaller destructive pests, only occasionally ravaging the corn shocks left standing in the field.

Many years of close observation have convinced me that crows lack that wonderful intelligence possessed by falcons, hawks and owls. They are remarkably quick to learn that you are hunting them and to pass the word along from one to another, but their weakness is the weakness of all gregarious natures: if you succeed in fooling one you fool them all at the same time. Often in the spring, driven to desperation by their inroads on my cornfield, I have roamed the woods for half a day at a time, the wily birds leading me further and further away while others evidently in the game would fly back and hurriedly pull up beakfuls of young corn to take to their nests in the pines. But when at last, by hiding beneath the young evergreens at a spot where they did not suspect me, and imitating a hawk or fox or owl or a young crow in distress, I managed to call down one less wary than the rest and get him to caw excitedly in the trees above me, every crow for miles around would come, forgetful of all caution, and wheel and scold and clamor overhead. Then I could fire right and left, reload and fire again and again before they had sense enough to get out of gunshot.

When the corn gets to be four or five inches high, the crows lose interest in it for the time being, but for the next few weeks it is subject to the underground attacks of cutworms and grubs of various sorts. From then until the ears have reached the roasting stage, it is comparatively safe except from the occasional visits of straying cows and sheep and, very rarely, deer; but just as soon as the corn is in milk, the entire population of the forest appears to be informed of the fact. Squirrels, red and gray, woodchucks, skunks, field mice, wood mice and raccoons bring their families to the feast.

The squirrels and mice climb the stalks and nibble at the tips of the ears; the woodchuck cuts down the stalk in order to bring the corn within his reach and the coon, standing erect, pulls down stalk after stalk, doing more harm than all the rest together. From personal observation I am unable to say positively that skunks eat corn, but the testimony of others leaves little doubt in my mind that they do.

The damage by birds at this time is usually less serious, though red-wing blackbirds, flickers and even song-sparrows peck into the ends of the growing ears; pheasants are the most destructive and between now and the harvesting manage to reduce the yield per acre by several bushels. Late in October or early in November, the migrating crows, grackles and starlings in composite flocks, to be counted only by the thousands, swarm down from the northeast following the coast line, and any corn left standing in the field is likely to be stripped to the bare cob.

Where corn is shocked and left standing in the field, mice of every sort make round nests of stripped-up husks, either supported among the stalks or in burrows in the earth beneath, while in corncrib and barn other mice and rats are impatiently waiting for the harvested corn to be brought to them.

Still—as I have already remarked—corn is a most satisfactory crop to raise, for the total damage is apt to be less than one might expect, owing chiefly, I believe, to the fact that most of the marauders spend at least a part of their time chasing other marauders that are smaller than themselves. The coons catch the mice and squirrels. The skunks dig out the grubs and cutworms and meadow mice from their underground retreats, and the birds eat more weedseeds and insects than corn. The most valuable assistance is rendered by the hunting-birds. Hen hawks, marsh hawks, marsh owls, hoot and screech-owls guard the cornfield day and night, paying amply for the few chickens, songbirds and game birds which they kill.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE APPEAL OF THE CHURCH OF ROME

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The letter of the Reverend Percy T. Fenn may help to explain to Catholics why Anglicans can believe so many doctrines taught by the Church without entering its communion. It is surely because they never think of the Church as something that they must obey, but always as something that appeals to them.

They regard their own church in the same way. They work hard because they live in the hope of changing the things that they find in existence. The High-churchman wants "High" doctrines because they appeal to him. The Low-churchman has his preferences, and so has the Broad. Lord Halifax wants the Catholic Church to explain its doctrines in the sense that appeals to him. Bishop Barnes dislikes sacraments because they do not appeal to him. It was the same with the Elizabethan bishops who tried to get rid of the surplice, and with the Laudian bishops who brought back the altar. The Tractarians wanted the early Church. The ritualists want the mediaeval Church. And so it goes.

There is something exhilarating about this, for it is encouraging to work for a cause even if it means pulling down someone else's work. A friend of mine who was thinking of becoming a Catholic wrote to tell me that he must give the Anglican Church a fair trial. This was twenty years ago. I venture to say that he is still experimenting. No Anglican since the time of Queen Elizabeth has ever trusted himself completely to his church. In proportion to his interest in it he has in some way been identified with a "movement" to change it. This is not to be wondered at for his church has never given him a plain expression of what she believes. He has become accustomed to thinking that religion is in a continual state of flux. He thinks that the Catholic Church is in the same condition. It takes him years to rid himself of this habit of mind, even if he becomes a Catholic. It is an unconscious denial of the work of the Holy Ghost.

So he stays where he thinks God has placed him, feeling that it is his duty to support the poor church that has fallen upon such evil days. He naturally loves the associations that are intimately entwined with his life. If he becomes discouraged he looks forward to the church which Bishop Gore and others promise him in that golden age when Rome will cease to err, when all Anglicans will be catholicized and when the Protestant sects will be no more. That is, if he is "High". If he is "Low" or "Broad" he has other visions, but always the same discontent with things as they are.

REV. EDWARD HAWKS.

ST. MARY'S CITY MEMORIAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—It was very kind of The Commonweal to publish a notice of the proposed memorial at St. Mary's City, in the issue of July 20. It will help things along. Just to what extent the plan can be realized, I am not quite sure, because the enterprise must be carried on by others. However, I trust it will materialize in time, and for the present we hope to put up some kind of tablet there. The plan is, however, only for a civic memorial, not for a religious edifice of any kind.

REV. JOHN LA FARGE, S.J.

OUR STATE DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the July issue of that excellent quarterly review, Foreign Affairs, there is a useful article entitled Our Much Abused State Department. It is a pity the author did not sign it, for it is a sound statement of policy.

There are two aspects, at least, of his subject: one has to do with American policy, the other with the administration of the State Department, that is, with the development and guardianship of policy and with the personnel entrusted with that guardianship.

"Abuse" of the State Department has touched both these aspects and has been amazingly loose, even for people as little informed about international affairs as the American public. An excellent example of this looseness was offered by the debates in Philadelphia of the American Society of Social and Political Science, followed by a number of resignations in protest against the general tone of the meeting.

The anonymous article in Foreign Affairs is a restatement of American policy in skeleton outline. The author admits ground for criticism of the department in its reticence.

Reticence upon matters under negotiation is as much a part of diplomacy as it is of business. Reticence can be exaggerated, however (and presumably that is what the author means) and may be criticized properly if it flows from the assumption that the American public has sufficient knowledge both of fundamental policies and of immediate facts to form an adequate opinion of whether at any given time the department's acts conform to traditional policy and meet a given situation. There is no such general public knowledge, and it may be claimed that the department can and should go as far as possible at all times to keep its acts intelligible to an uninformed or wrongly informed public. That is a delicate operation but a useful and a necessary one, and quite possible. In thirty years I have seen no serious criticism of the State Department which might not be traced primarily to a somewhat hierophantic attitude of mind within its walls.

Possibly Vice-President Dawes's recent remarks concerning career diplomats have some relation to that attitude.

Certainly Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Olds and a good number of men in the department have gone much further than anyone in many administrations to cure a false situation.

I do not recall any other secretary of state who has given so much time and patience to explaining his acts personally as Secretary Kellogg did in the matter of Mexico, when he met groups of citizens from all over the country and gave to each hours of his time in elementary statement of what he was doing, and what he could not do.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE SCOTTISH EDUCATION ACT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I regret that, owing to a misprint, I appear in my letter, published in your issue of June 22, to deny credit to Mr. Robert Munro and Sir John Struthers. To them and to Monsignor (now Bishop) Browne is due the credit for that excellent educational concordat, the Scottish Education Act of 1918.

DENIS W. BROGAN.

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THE MODERN STAGE DIRECTOR

By R. DANA SKINNER

IN MANY of my reviews of the past season, I have brought in the name of Guthrie McClintic. Often he had nothing to do with the play being reviewed, yet his name fairly insists on cropping up. The reason is not hard to find. He represents at once one of the most important and the most obscure figures of the modern theatre—the director, whose magic can bring a play to vibrant life, or whose lack of magic can dump even a splendid play into the discard. The director is the invisible hand leading you down the paths of enjoyment or of boredom.

Mr. McClintic happens to be a directing genius, one of the few men we have developed in this country who can mold a company of actors into a group of artists. I have known him to take actors of distinctly mediocre ability, actors given over to staginess or to unpleasant mannerisms, or cursed with lack of imagination, and, in the space of four weeks of rehearsal, make them give performances that seem to challenge the position of even great stars. That is his strong point, the drawing out of latent ability, the breaking of a crust of wrong tradition—a sort of hothouse treatment which, while its effects last, results in making the actor a truly fine instrument for expressing the playright's idea.

There are, of course, many other directors of note in this country, but very few native to the country. David Vardi, for example, who made the Dybbuk memorable on Grand Street; Richard Boleslawski, formerly of the Moscow Art Theatre, whose great strength is endowing a play with swift movement and dramatic intensity; Dudley Digges, who came over with the Irish players, and has since directed many notable plays for the Actors' Theatre and the Theatre Guild. These men are importations, imbued with the serious traditions of the old-world theatre. The native talent is less conspicuous. Many people, of course, have now gathered the full meaning of the line "staged under the personal direction of Mr. Belasco." But Belasco's influence, for good or bad, extends beyond the actual direction of the play and includes a complete and minute attention to every detail of production. Among those whose work is more strictly confined to direction we have Robert Edmond Jones—even more famous as a scenic designer. Many actors have found working under Jones a distinct inspiration, largely, I imagine, because of the sincere artistry he brings even to a casual conversation, and because of the clear understanding he gives them of the meaning of the play. But he is still something of the experimentalist. He does not endow his actors with better qualities than they knew they possessed. His plays still have a curious touch of amateurishness—although what he contributes is far more vital than his omissions.

Winthrop Ames, of course, has reached a high pinnacle in his fanciful and sensitive staging of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. Robert Milton has an indefinite though large reputation. George Abbott is much sought after where swift dramatic impact is desired—and there are many others to whom I intend no injustice in not listing their names. But McClintic rises far above all of them in the combination of his talents. He has, to my way of feeling, only one serious rival—and that rival has tested his ability only in the direction of his own plays. I refer, of course, to George Kelly. Whatever you may think of The Show Off, or of Craig's Wife, or of Daisy Mayme as plays, you cannot escape the supreme naturalness of the acting and movement in each. Kelly has made his actors understand and feel the characters he has created. They are never stagey. But whether he could accomplish the same result in bringing to life the work of another author, whose feeling for character was different from his own, is another matter and a serious question. The possible difference between McClintic and Kelly is the difference between an expert interpreter and an orator expressing his own views.

Having looked at a few of the men, suppose we glance at the exact character of their work. Just what does a director do? He is like the leader of an orchestra, except for the important fact that when it comes to the performance, he must step aside and let the orchestra play without him. He must give sufficient impetus in rehearsal to last for weeks to come. How does he do this? If he is a man of the McClintic type, he will probably start by soaking himself in the play. Then he will take the cast provided, give them his general idea of the play, and allow them, for a short time, to work out their own interpretations. This gives him a chance to sense the abilities of each actor. He may find one whose diction and manner are strident, another who plays everything in an ultra-restrained key, and still others who gallop through their lines as if making a recitation. If the play is to have unity of effect, he must pick the one actor who comes nearest to his own idea of the play, and begin, by slow processes, to tune the others to the same key. This may mean long private conversations with each actor, much coaxing and coaching, much explanation of character, much tedious, tactful effort. Or frank public brutality may be needed. A director must be a master psychologist if he is to bring out the best unity from his actors without unnecessarily wounding their feelings or discouraging their ambition.

The mere routine of directing is no child's play. The director must know how to place his actors on the stage for the best effect in each scene—one grouping for pictorial effect, another for dramatic contrast, another to give the sense of swift action, another to give the illusion of complete naturalness and ease. They must not cross each other at awkward moments. At the right instant they must be standing where they can be heard and seen from all parts of the house. The lighting effects must bring out the important points in the action. All this the director must determine in relation to the human material he is using. The personal eccentricities of a certain star may demand the rearrangement of an entire scene. And then, when all these matters are attended to, all experiments made and either adopted or rejected, the director must generally give the actors much of their important "business"—that is, the use of their hands or of properties, telling pantomime and a hundred and one minor perfections all tending to complete the illusion of the play. An orchestral leader has only tonal effect to consider. The stage director must think of voice, of visual effect, of characterization, of group movement, and all conditioned by the personalities, sensitiveness, physical appearance, vocal equipment and "temperament" of the particular actors with whom he is asked to work. As a last straw, when the fatal opening evening comes, he must step aside, with the knowledge that the audience will applaud the cleverness of the playwright, the genius of certain actors, and hardly notice the program line "staged by ————." An orchestra leader takes the public's applause. The stage director, on the contrary, gives his child the glory!

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BOOKS

Crime and Custom in Savage Society, by Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

PROFESSOR MALINOWSKI'S stay with the Trobrianders, a typical Melanesian population in the Pacific, has brought forth rich fruit for ethnologists not merely in the facts collected, but in the sane and important deductions which he draws from them. We perceive once more how misleading were many of the ideas of early ethnological writers, whose traditions still linger with us. They frequently concluded that a custom must exist because it fitted into their preconceived idea of what ought to be. And so we had races without knowledge of religion to start the elegantly conceived ladder of the development of the idea of Deity. And again we had promiscuity and group-marriage in sexual life, because these were needed for a ladder which terminated with monogamy.

Both these theories are quite inaccurate, as a matter of fact; monotheism and monogamy were at the bottom and not at the top. So with law and order. Time was when savages were supposed to have little or none of these. "Manners they have none and their customs are beastly"—that was about the summing-up. Then came the period when, it having been ascertained that instead of a lack of laws, savages suffered from a positive hypertrophy of them, it was supposed that they not only lived in fetters but positively hugged them. That came from taking the savage's statements at their face value, a most misleading procedure. Ask the savage what would happen in the case of a certain infringement of some law or binding custom, and naturally he will tell you what the recognized penalty is. But ask him what really occurs, or, better still, watch and see, and mark the result. The parallel to the state of things in our own society is very apparent.

The Trobrianders unquestionably possess a very considerable code of laws and customs. Yet some of them, especially those connected with sexual matters, are not uncommonly infringed, and nothing happens unless the act is publicly challenged, when the matter must be faced and the punishment even of death, (usually self-inflicted) must be demanded. In fact they seem to lay considerable stress on that Eleventh Commandment which is by no means unknown among ourselves—"Thou shalt not be found out." Here, as there, the public exposure necessitates the social punishment for offences which may be cautiously ignored as long as there has been no scandal. Professor Malinowski points out very properly that "no society can work in an efficient manner unless laws are obeyed 'willingly' and 'spontaneously,'" and again that "the true problem is not to study how human life submits to rules—it simply does not; the real problem is how the rules become adapted to life." Exactly so.

Incidentally this and other books of like type show how exceedingly important it is that prospective missionaries to the savage races should have at least a good elementary course of ethnology so that they may avoid some of the serious mistakes which have been made in the past by men full of good intentions but unfortunately empty of knowledge. This caution applies to Catholic missionaries least of all—no doubt because, unhampered by ties which others often possess, they have always made it their business really to get into native life and find out what it is before they start reforming. But even they would be enormously benefited by such a course.

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Prosper Mérimée, by G. H. Johnstone. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

WHY it should be that Prosper Mérimée seems as remote and artificial as a character in Carmen is a question too complex to be answered here. Perhaps the pure "literary artist," not given to shouting angrily or enthusiastically at the contemporary scene, is normally more or less of a phantom in the eyes of fame. In Mérimée's case, however, personality as such was carefully excluded from view by certain positivistic barriers. He was a neo-pagan in every sense implied by that frequently used term. His narrative art, which escaped objectivity through the corridor of mordant irony, achieved the perfection at which Poe had so constantly aimed. La Venus d'Ile and Mateo Falcone are about all that can be hoped for from the short-story form—excepting the tenderness and charity of the very greatest art. In this sense, Hawthorne's Ethan Brand transcends Mérimée's vision, because it displays ability to move and feel inside the bosom of another human being. With all these matters, however, Mr. Johnstone is wisely not content, though he discusses them well. American readers will be less familiar with Mérimée's work as an antiquarian and defender of monuments, though they really should remember this piously every time they go to France. It was he who discovered and reclaimed, for instance, the charming fresques at Saint-Savarin.

Our biographer quotes generously from rich deposits of letters, published for the most part but as yet not heavily drawn upon by writers of monographs. The result is a fresher, clearer view of Mérimée than one can get (I believe) anywhere else, even in French. Perhaps Mr. Johnstone has made a little too much of the correspondence with Lady Algernon Seymour, which grew up around a rare platonic affection, but in doing so he has undoubtedly brought his subject nearer to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. It remains to say that this subject, associated with love affairs and cardiac egoisms, frankly unreligious and in some respects even unmoral in character, is not particularly attractive. If Mr. Johnstone had realized this fully he might not have written his book at all. But even so, one has the right to feel that the little cynicisms and amoralisms he has added of his own accord are variations on the central theme, which remain unnecessary and are not honorable.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Bernard Quesnay, by André Maurois; translated by Brian W. Downs. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

BERNARD QUESNAY is the third work of André Maurois to be translated into English. Ariel: The Life of Shelley made a wide appeal in America on its merits as a novel and received appreciative notices from Shelley scholars as a poetic biography. Mape: the World of Illusion also dealt with the illustrious—Goethe, Balzac and Mrs. Siddons—and proved a good if not a best seller of last year. The present novel deals with fictitious characters, although it has already been dubbed "semi-autobiographical," which is merely saying that it is like the majority of novels today. The scene is laid in modern industrial France. Novels dealing overtly with the industrial situation have usually been written by men who are strongly identified with the employee interest. Bernard Quesnay gives the story from the employer's camp, sympathetically and fairly. There is no propaganda in the book, and each faction—although this is much too strong a term to be just—is treated with ironical insight and pity. The book is too slight a work to be compared with Pelle the Conqueror, and yet the begrimed and overalled Pelle will come many times between the reader and the immaculately groomed Quesnay—and the reader will know Pelle better for having met Bernard.

The first thing one notices about Bernard Quesnay is its restraint and well ordered progress toward its goal. The mental welter type of novel has become so prevalent that one is consciously startled by, and very grateful for, a style with any grace and characters with shades of reticence. The subconscious is not exploited by M. Maurois; he is content to let it be known by its fruits in the actions of the people in his book. The formality of family life in France, as compared with our own haphazard familiarity, is doubtless partially responsible for the sense of premeditated design which invests the book, but the interest in form and in the lights and shades of characterization is clearly apparent also.

Reversion to type supplies the theme for the story. Bernard Quesnay is a scion of the line of Quesnays, manufacturers of woolen goods at Pont-de-l'heure. Under ordinary circumstances he would have grown up and entered the business automatically. The war altered this: he grew up and entered the army instead. Through a fellow soldier, a novelist, he comes in contact with a group of young artists in Paris. War ended, he returns to Pont-de-l'heure and enters the firm—and the struggle begins. Paris and all it stands for calls and Bernard answers, making a business trip the occasion for his return. Gradually the enthusiasm shifts, and it is Pont-de-l'heure that calls. The struggle is convincingly waged but business has the upper hand and Bernard lays aside his dreams of a life of wider interests, succumbing at last, not unwillingly, to circumstances and heredity.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Cannibal Nights: The Reminiscences of a Free-Lance Trader, by Captain H. E. Raabe. New York: Payson and Clarke, Limited. $3.00.

THE author of these reminiscences sailed as a boy before the mast on the Yankee clipper Dolphin, at the tender age of thirteen and a half years. But there was nothing tender about him. Besides being a competent seaman he was an accomplished fencer, and a broth of a boy with the cutlass to boot, so that we are not surprised when he engages two professional swordsmen with that weapon of picaresque romance, and makes short work of them. This is in the year 1874, the scene is a waterfront saloon in Sydney, Australia, and his opponents are billed to meet all comers for a purse of five pounds. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the audience, our lad lets someone slip cigar ashes into his whiskey, and wakes to find himself shanghaied aboard the bark Emma P. from Nova Scotia, bound for the Solomon Islands and the exciting life of a free-lance trader. A few days later the crew get at the rum and there is the devil to pay. Again the young adventurer acquits himself splendidly, and Captain McPurden does not hesitate to promote him to second mate in place of the gentleman who has passed on in the free-for-all. "I was not yet fourteen by several months—second mate on board a trader, a lawless ship."

A capital book for a boy, and for an adult, too, but we think of the boy first, because all the dear familiar friends of boyhood dreams are there in abundance: bounding, yelling, black islanders, shimmering palm trees, lagoons, pearl-bearing shell, Malay pirates, sinister triangular fins cutting the water, beach-combers, white beaches, and the torrid, tropic sun glaring above. Captain Raabe's cutlass flashes through the pages, and heads drop like ripe cocoanuts.

And Cathryn—you must meet Cathryn, lady adventuress,

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who follows the life for the love of it. With young Second Mate Raabe she attends a cannibal feast. She watches the preparation of the roasting pits, and the dances of the devil-doctors, but when the "long pig" is brought in, trussed on a pole, but still alive and as yet unharmed, she starts to feel uneasy. Then the coup de grâce. "Without warning, one of the bearers stepped behind him, and, raising a heavy war club, brought it down upon the man's head with a sickening thud. As the poor wretch fell over, Cathryn collapsed in a swoon." She recovers sufficiently to eat some supper later, but politely declines "long pig" in favor of the wild variety. They also drink kava, something new in cocktails, by the way, that is taken after the meal and ferments delightfully in the stomach with quite amazing results to the celebrant.

There are times when Captain Raabe makes one think of Old Pew; there are others when he seems closely related to that elderly naval man whom W. S. Gilbert found sitting on a piece of stone lamenting that he was a cook and a captain bold and a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite, and a few others.

HERBERT FORBES DAWSON.

S. Aureli Augustini Hipponiensis Episcopi, De Catechizandis Rudibus, Liber Unus, translated with an introduction and commentary by Joseph Patrick Christopher. Washington, D. C.: The Catholic University of America Patristic Studies, Volume VIII.

THE most celebrated treatise produced in the early Church in the field of education is here edited as a thesis for the doctorate at Washington. At the suggestion of Professor De Ferrari of the Latin department, Father Christopher has reprinted practically without change the edition of G. Krüger and P. Drews (Tübingen, 1909) which, in turn, departs in four places only from the Benedictine text of 1679. As the Vienna Academy has announced an elaborate edition of the Latin text, this procedure is simplest and wisest.

The chief contribution of Father Christopher is the Commentary. It oscillates between philology and pedagogy, word studies predominating. At times it becomes a rhetorician's hortus siccus; as on page 171, where the laconic label on the words, in illo et propter illum is merely "polyptoton"; but it also points out carefully the chief places where the language of Augustine deviates from classical usage. Generous quotations from Cicero, Seneca and early Christian writers give the reader the necessary comparative material without the trouble of having to dig up the passages himself in an author merely cited. To a theologian, many of the quotations from the Vulgate seem superfluous; but some Latinists will doubtless be grateful to be reminded of the very words of Holy Scripture.

In his admirable bibliography, Dr. Christopher shows wide acquaintance with the latest literature on all phases of Saint Augustine and his age. The book should be useful to historians of education as well as to philologians. It is a helpful and excellently indexed text for the study of patristic Latin, which should receive more attention than it now does in the Protestant seminaries as well as in those which train for the Catholic priesthood.

Many thanks are due to its indefatigable compiler; also to Bishop Muldoon and the other friends named in the preface, whose generosity enabled the author to publish the work in its present ample and well-arranged form, instead of subjecting it, in these days of the high cost of printing, to the dessicating influence of post-war economy.

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A History of Philosophy, by Leo F. Miller. New York: Joseph F. Wagner, Incorporated. $3.00.

IN A day when philosophy has been rediscovered, so to speak, for the great general reading public, Father Miller's book is very timely. He presents the vast story of the development of reasoned human thought, as he says, "in simple language and in a form that facilitates ready comprehension."

He has a gift for the direct, forceful phrase, for getting at the essence of things in a sentence: "Plato proposed his philosophy, which embraces the whole of human thought, in the form of dialogues and myths"; "Epicurean ethics is utilitarian, since it reduces good and evil to pleasure and pain"; "St. Augustine's philosophy centers about God"; "The strength and weakness of Spencer lies in his brilliant generalizations"; "On the whole, pragmatism offers only a new theory of truth." And such summarizations are always clearly motivated and explained.

The author avoids the misleading processional manner of presentation which makes philosophy one long parade of individual, disparate systems "without the guidance of any set of principles to act as a sort of Ariadne thread." He shows philosophy, as molded by the children of process, to be an inter-connected effort on man's part to adapt his thought to things, a continuous, connected development. Modern philosophic departures from sounder tradition are logically considered in view of their generally admitted inadequacy so far as actual human values are concerned.

Father Miller has followed the established division for his subject: Greek, mediaeval and modern. His treatment of Hellenic philosophy, from Thales to the sixth century Alexandrians is admirable in that, while he reads no modern interpretation into ancient systems, he shows clearly how the arguments of Plato and Aristotle, in their very terms, "constitute the central part of Christian philosophy." The section treating of mediaeval philosophy, a presentation of scholasticism (especially as philosophy, not theology) should correct many false impressions regarding this great system which expressed "a universal Church and a common learned language."

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

The Life of Augustin Daly, by Joseph Francis Daly. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE reissue of Joseph Francis Daly's loving and intimate biography of his brother ought to arouse the interest of a larger reading public than knew the sumptuous first edition. We have begun to take a deep interest in American drama and its history; we have come to realize that the theatre is a national cultural institution which may suffer from certain abuses but which, on the whole, has provided entertainment, enlightenment and sheer beauty to an extent rivaled by no other organized art. We are therefore familiar with the fact that the work of Arnold Daly was a dramatic renascence of a remarkable kind. He found a disorganized theatre, where there was no team-work, no sense of literary values, no grip on the box-office, even; and he made his dream of an intelligent, gripping, popular, sprightly dramatic art come true.

How much excellent stuff is in this good book! Glimpses of Ada Rehan, Fanny Davenport and Coquelin; memories of stellar performances which inevitably force one to use the expression, "good old days"; gossip about how great plays were written and performed; sidelights upon European reactions to American art—all these and numberless more good things make Joseph Daly's affectionate pages indispensable to everybody who cares at all passionately for the theatre.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

BRIEFER MENTION

Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes of Maya Lands, by Thomas Gann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

THE search and exploration of the ruins of Chichen Itza and other Mayan centres of pre-Columbian civilization has led Mr. Thomas Gann and his companions through the Yucatan regions that have been made known to the world by the barbarian revolutions of the last ten or fifteen years. One may gather many incidental facts from Mr. Gann's account of his experiences in Merida, Payo Obispo and Progress, where divorces are reckoned as the most fertile industry of the present. From the excavations of Loltun and Copan in Honduras, the author gives us illustrations of fantastic and oftentimes very beautiful monuments. The suggestions of the vastness of empire and civilization among the ancient Mayans is well borne out by these recent explorations of Dr. Weir and the archaeologists of the Carnegie Institute.

House and Garden's Second Book of Gardens, by Richardson Wright and Robert S. Lemmon. New York: The Condé Nast Publications. $4.00.

A SPLENDID collection of reprints from House and Garden is issued in a Second Book of Gardens, filled with inspiring views of country houses and luscious gardens of flowers that will make the mouths of American commuters water with delight. Messrs. Wright and Lemmon have a wizard touch in these combinations of art and nature and not only a sense of display, but also a spirit of helpfulness in their arrangement of gardens, flowers, shrubs and architecture, and in useful details of a gardener's calendar and selection of books on gardening.

Cresting The Ridge, by A Sister of Notre Dame. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $2.00.

THE publisher's notice enticed the present reviewer into buying this book before the volume for review came to hand. Purchase brought but slight disillusionment, for while slender in substance here and there, the book touches the heights rather uniformly. Its theme is the joy of goodness and its expression is consistently graceful, even at times lyric. The various chapters breathe a strong and tender faith and love and will serve as useful meditative and devotional reading. The letters to and from the Queen of Heaven are reminiscent of the Little Flower's letter to her Spouse, for they have the naïveté of spiritual childhood. Young women, particularly graduates, whose lots are cast in the easier paths will profit by the volume.

The Sacramentary, Volume III, by Ildefonso Schuster; translated by Arthur Levellis-Marke. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 15s.

THE third volume of this excellent and beautifully produced publication comprises part five, The External Nuptials of the Lamb, the sacred liturgy from Trinity Sunday to Advent, and part six, The Church Triumphant, the feasts of the saints during the Christmas cycle. It is unnecessary to do more than announce the issue of this volume to those who have purchased the previous two, for they will naturally procure it at once. To others interested in that extraordinary mine of devotional and intellectual gold, the Church liturgy, who have not yet made acquaintance with the work, we suggest that they cannot do better than invest in the two preceding volumes as well as in that which has just appeared.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

The Khan-i-Azam, Lord of Magnificence, whose real name was Aziz Koka, presents a personal significance unusual in the general welter of oriental history. Brought up with the great King Akbar, he later became one of his trusted generals, but as a strictly orthodox follower of Mahomet, he could give little respect to his monarch's dabbling with other creeds, eastern and western. It is told of him that, summoned back to court, he started off in another direction on a pilgrimage to Mecca; whereupon, Akbar, when called upon to punish him, replied: "There is a river of milk which I cannot cross between me and Aziz."

During his holy sojourn in Mecca, he was fleeced so badly that he was glad to return to India. A poet and aphorist, he left a declaration on marriage which ought to throw some light across the darkness of our world of those beauties divorced or given in divorce, sitting so prominently around our night-club tables. He said: "A man should marry four wives —a Persian woman to have somebody to converse with—a Khurasani woman for the house-keeping—a Hindu woman to nurse his children—and a woman from Mawararnaha to whip as a warning for the other three"—

But there goes the fox-trot, Clytemnestra; may I have the pleasure?

* * *

One of the lovely fragments that have escaped the destruction of the ages comes to light in Dümmler's Proceedings of the Berlin Royal Academy of Science, 1893—in the lines of the twelfth century scholar-poet, Sigebert of Liege, author of The Passion of St. Lucia. He is speaking of the holy virgins wandering in the fields of the Blessed:

"Hinc virginalis sancta frequentia
Gertrudis, Agnes, Prisca, Cecilia,
Lucia, Petronilla, Tecla,
Agatha, Barbara, Juliana—
He pervagantes prata recentia,
Pro velle querunt serta decentia,
Rosas legentes passionis,
Lilia vel violas amoris."

* * *

An amusing account is given in the pages of P. T. Barnum's Own Story (The Viking Press, New York), of the great showman's dealings with a band of Ute warriors on their way to visit the "Great Father" in Washington. There was one particularly vicious specimen among them, named Yellow Bear. It was Mr. Barnum's habit to introduce his specialties with some personal flourishes, and he tells us: "When I came to Yellow Bear I would pat him familiarly upon the shoulders, which caused him to look up at me with a pleasant smile, while he softly stroked down my arm with his right hand in the most loving manner. Knowing that he could not understand a word I said, I pretended to be complimenting him to the audience, while I was really saying something like the following:

" 'This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white persons and he is probably the meanest black-hearted rascal that lives in the Far West. If the blood-thirsty little villain understood what I am saying, he would kill me in a moment; but as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, mur-

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derous monster. He has tortured to death poor, unprotected women, murdered their husbands, brained their helpless little ones; and he would gladly do the same to you or me if he thought he could escape punishment. This is but a faint description of the character of Yellow Bear.' "

"Here I gave him another patronizing pat on the head, and he, with a pleasant smile, bowed to the audience."

* * *

"It is a day for complacence," remarked Doctor Angelicus. "I sit in the shade, too lazy to take down my Horace or Vergil, and like a wise Neapolitan peasant, watch the dogs and the tourists running about in the sun. The newspapers have surfeited me with activities. I leave the triumphs up Broadway to the channel swimmers and bird-men; I shall not join the herds in stadiums at open-air operas and concerts. I shall avoid that great Manhattan bathtub, the Atlantic Ocean; nor give myself over to complaining of subway heats while I have my cup of cold clam-broth and the frozen succulence of my honeydew.

"Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide;
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray."

"Now is the time for contemplation, for that picking the specks off the cool mirror of the conscience, remorse being swallowed up in the firm resolve of maintaining a higher polish on the personal escutcheon—then

" 'Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves
And moonlight'—

and an early dream of the white and purple cliffs of Portugal and Capri and the Hebrides and Aran Islands and a drowsy lilting—an elderly lullaby of such lines as

" 'See Rachray Island beyont in the gay,
An' the dear knows what they be doin' out there away,
But fishin' and fightin' an' tearin' away,
An' who's to hinder, an' what do they care?' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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